

THE
VISION:

A

Pindarick ODE:

Occasion'd by the

DEATH

Of Our Late Gracious Sovereign

King CHARLES II.

"Cvap 62 Δι's 821.

By EDM. ARWAKER, M. A.

L O N D O N,

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By

JOHN BUNYAN

Author of the

WINDY-ROCK

AND

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THE VISION:

STANZA I.

WHEN *Fate* its utmost *Cruelty* had shown,
 And the illustrious CHARLES was now no more,
 Th' illustrious CHARLES, as Universally deplor'd
 As heretofore ador'd,
 Had chang'd his *Earthly* for a *Heav'nly* Throne,
 And left the World, in all, but Sorrow, Poor;
 Tir'd with the fatal Day's oppressive Grief,
 And weary of my hateful Breath,
 In welcome Sleep my Senses sought Relief;
 Not for the small repose it brought,
 But that it represented to my thought
 The lov'd Resemblance, and desir'd Approach of Death.

II.

Gently the sweet *Enchantment* o're me stole,
 From part to part insensibly it crept,
 And ceas'd not Charming 'till my Sorrows slept:
 It was so complaisant and kind,
 That while my Body lay confin'd,
 It gave *Enlargement* to my wand'ring Soul.
 The joyful *Captive*, now set free,
 With active wings *expatiates* through the Air,
 Resolv'd, because it found the freedom rare,
 To improve the *Blessing* of its Liberty,
 'Till almost wearied with its nimble flight,
 The sad Complaints of a soft Mournful Voice
 Its presence did invite,
 Who where it heard the doleful noise,
 With eager Motion hast'ned to alight.

III.

Behold a Grove, whose *Melancholy* shade
 Appear'd for Sorrow's last retirement made,
 Where in confus'd disorder grew,
 Bidding Defiance to the Sun's bright Eye,
 The Mournful Cypress and Unlucky Yew,
 So closely interwov'n they were,
 His Mid-day Beams were Strangers there,
 Nor durst into its dismal Secrets pry.

Here, in the darkest of the Solitude,
 My Soul, which fearless did intrude,
 Saw on the Margin of a Murm'ring Brook,
 By a faint light almost expir'd,
 An Awful * MATRON, Mournfully retir'd :
 Decent and Grave, yet Glorious was her dress,
 And did an humble Grandeur well express :
 Severe, but yet inviting was her Look,
 And though Antiquity dwelt in her Face,
 It heightned, not impair'd, her Virgin Grace,
 And made the Modern Beauties justly give her place.

[* Church of
 England.]

IV.

Extended on the damp unwholsom Ground she lay,
 And in her Right-hand held a * Sacred Book, [* The Bible.]
 Into whose Mystick Leaves none were forbid to look,
 Since all from thence to Life must learn the way.
 On her Left-hand she rais'd her drooping Head,
 Whence a decaying Glory seem'd to fly,
 A new fall'n Crown too lay neglected by,
 And wither'd Garlands round about were spread.
 On her soft Body lay a * Pond'rous Load, [* The Cross.]
 Once, for her sake, the Burthen of her GOD,
 On which, in Bloody Lines were writ,
 (Such Lines as did the Tragick Scene besit)

Alas! my Love is Crucify'd!
 For me he carry'd This, for me on This he dy'd!
 Brimful of Tears an Urn before her stood,
 Which th' unexhausted Fountains of her Eyes,
 Forbore not to maintain with fresh Supplies;
 Resolv'd, if those shou'd fail, to make them good,
 (Grand Evidence of Grief!) with her last drop of Blood.

V.

Surpris'd with Terror at the Mournful Scene,
 And wond'ring *what* cou'd cause such *Mighty* Grief,
 So beyond prospect of relief,
 So hard for me to guess what it cou'd mean:
 At last its Jayl th' *Imprison'd* *Passion* broke,
 And like a mighty Wind
 Struggling i' th' Caverns where 'twas long confin'd,
 Her teeming *Breast* with strong *Convulsions* shook,
 'Till at her *Lips* it forc'd a vent,
 And in *sad Rhet'rick* made her thus lament.

VI.

Unhappy and Disconsolate !
What hope has wretch'd EUSEBIA to survive ,
When all for which she cou'd desire to live ,
 The grand supporter of her State,
Glorious as Good, and Pious too as Great,
The God-like CHARLES is snatch'd away by Fate !
Mourn, mourn, my Sons, and bow your Miter'd heads,
Since He, alas ! is fall'n who rais'd them High ;
Now put on more than your own Sable weeds ,
For Him who Cloth'd you in the purest Reds ,
In Robes of Scarlet of the Richest Dye ;
For Him by whose kind Influence you grew ,
Your Neighbours Envy, and their Admiration too.
Ev'n with the Sev'n-Hill'd City you might vye,
And all the Boaring of her Bulls desie,
As well as all the Croaking of the hoarse Geneva fry,
While He, the Great Defender of your Faith was by.
 He in your Dangers interpos'd
 With Numbers of your Foes inclos'd ;
 And when the Nations sins had injur'd Heav'n ,
Between its Vengeance and their Souls he stood ;
Their shelter in all dang'rous Times and Things,
The best of Christians as the best of Kings :
By him such Blessings to his Realms were given ;
He seem'd Created for his Peoples good.

VII.

Here of fresh Tears an Inundation rose,
 And by strong sighs driv'n fiercely on,
 Did her Articulate Voice oppose,
 And only in broken Accents gave her leave to moan.
 The Sympathizing Brook began to swell,
 And from the Trees a baneful moisture fell,
 And all around was heard a dismal groan,
 Which seem'd aloud to utter Desolation.

VIII.

When, lo! a strange unusual Light broke in,
 And chang'd the dreadful Scene;
 The hideous Lamentation ceas'd,
 Charm'd with an harmonious sound,
 And Light and Musick fill'd the place around,
 And in the height of strange confusion pleas'd.
 When from a Cloud of Incense seem'd to alight
 A Glorious Form, beyond conception bright,
 Who rais'd the dying MATRON from the ground,
 And with a Starry wreath her Sacred Temples Crown'd;
 Next her Exuberant sorrow chid,
 Which she with blushes strove to hide;
 While the Divine Commissioner from on high,
 Deliver'd his important Embassy.

IX.

' Darling of Heav'n, thy God's immediate care,
 ' This causeless grief forbear,
 ' And my Almighty Message hear.
 ' As I with Legions of my fellows went,
 ' For we by Heaven's Command were sent,
 ' On the Illustrious CHARLES'S Soul to wait,
 ' While from his ancient Monarchy below,
 ' (' Pleas'd with the Orders we obey'd)
 ' The Sacred Guest in Triumph we convey'd
 ' To a sublimer State,
 ' Which shall no end, no alteration know;
 ' Th' ALMIGHTY'S Voice struck my attentive ear,
 ' That Voice which Angels cannot hear;
 ' But strait they blush with shame, and tremble all with fear.

X.

Thou, who, when first for Man's Salvation;
 My great concern was shown,
 Wer't sent to make the blest Contrivance known,
 And to the Virgin brought'st the wond'rous News,
 Which lofty Reason proudly did refuse,
 And any Faith but Hers won'd scruple to believe;
 Yet she with humble Credence did receive:
 Hence to that world another Errand make,
 That world unfit such Blessings to partake,
 But for my Dear ANOINTED's, and EUSEBIA's sake.
 Go, wipe the Tears from my EUSEBIA's Eyes;
 Say, 'tis my pleasure she shou'd weep no more,
 Tell her what Mercies I have yet in store,
 Tell her she wrongs me with her crys,
 Has she not try'd my Love; my Bouncy heretofore;
 And can she think me now Unkind or Poor?
 Tho' for Mysterious reasons of my Heavenly State,
 I've call'd my CHARLES, my Great Vicegerent home,
 From the dissatisfi'd repining Crowd,
 Who ne're the Blessing understood,
 Nor valu'd 'till too late,
 To fix him on a Loftier Throne,
 Becoming more his Goodness and my Own;
 I've plac'd another in his room,
 His MURDER'D FATHER's Second SON;
 Who, as the First for Ages past has done,
 Must Bless the World for Ages yet to come.

XI.

The Mighty JAMES is he,
 The Mighty JAMES ordain'd for Monarchy!
 (Not the vain Idol of the Faction's Crowd,
 That base attay to CHARLES's Royal Blood)
 But One on every side deriv'd from Majesty:
 As the Fourth Henry Great, as the fam'd Warrior Good.
 Peaceful as the first Monarch of his Name,
 But not Ignobly Tame;
 For great Exploits in Arms admir'd and fear'd,
 And still belov'd where most rever'd;

His

*His Equal fills not any Mortal Throne,
 For never, 'till in Him, were known
 Such Courage and such Conduct met in One.
 How did he make ungrateful France repent
 The rudeness of their Complement,
 When he, who nobly Acted on their side,
 (To gratify a bold Usurper's Pride)
 Was to their Enemies assistance sent?
 How has he made the Belgick Lion roar,
 And driv'n him back to that Rebellious shore,
 To learn Submission and encroach no more?
 How fearless and unmov'd he stood,
 Besmear'd all o're with Blood,
 His Life less valu'd than his Country's good!
 But that, for greater benefits design'd,
 Was our Almighty care,
 In which his people were to find
 A large reserve of Blessings yet behind;
 Nor shall EUSEBIA want a liberal share;
 To him she does as am'ble appear,
 And is, as to his Famous Predecessors, dear:
 He does her grief with God-like Pity see,
 And knows, and will reward her Loyalty.
 He knows, Who, when the saucy Crowd
 Grew insolent and loud,
 Unmov'd, the Tempest's boist'rous Rage withstood,
 And for his Right did faithfully contend;
 That Right which now will Theirs defend,
 That Right on which their hopes, on which their joys depend.
 Thus spoke Th' Angelick Vision, and withdrew,
 Chear'd with its words EUSEBIA pleasant grew,
 The Count'nance of the Place was alter'd too,
 And my glad Soul in haste back to its Body flew;
 For Life was acceptable now.*

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Poem on the Sacred Memory of Our Late Sovereign, with a Congratulation to His Present Majesty, Written by Mr. Tate.

A Pin darick on the Death of our Late Sovereign, with an Ancient Prophecy on his Present Majesty, Written by Mrs. Behn.

Both Sold by Henry Playford near the Temple Church.